

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BURNED AS SHE RAN

Frightful Scene on a Crowded Chicago Street.

A YOUNG GIRL'S RACE WITH DEATH.

A flame from head to foot she speeds along until exhausted and dying. Her clothes burned off and her flesh roasted—Five hours of agony relieved by death—Graphic description of the sickening event—Vain efforts of the firemen.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—The sight of a young girl enveloped in flames from head to foot running along the street with hands extended and screaming for some one to save her was witnessed by pedestrians and residents in the neighborhood of West Chicago and Milwaukee avenues last night. The speed with which she ran fanned the flames into such fierceness that scarcely a vestige of her clothes remained when she was picked from the middle of the street half-conscious. Those who witnessed the awful sight were so horrified that scarcely a hand was lifted to assist her. She sank to the ground from sheer exhaustion and because the destroying element had wrought such frightful injuries that, although frenzied with fear, she was unable to proceed further in her desperate race from death.

Was Soon to Have Been a Bride. The unfortunate woman's name was Margaret Osterkamp. She was employed as a domestic in the family of Charles Kindlers, a baker, at 485 Milwaukee avenue. In a few weeks she was to have become the bride of Henry Weise, of 37 Fay street. The only words that she uttered after she had been carried into Kindler's house from the street were in a request that "Henry" be sent for. It was Henry that she called on continually during the five hours of agony that followed her awful experience and it was that name that rested on her lips when death relieved her sufferings.

Cooking Supper at the Time. Exactly how her clothes caught fire no one will ever know. She was cooking supper for the family at the time, and there was no one else in the kitchen but her mistress' infant boy. The front room of the house is occupied by a store kept by Mr. Kindlers. Between it and the kitchen is a narrow hall flanked by bedrooms. It was in the doorway of this hall entering into the store that Miss Osterkamp was first seen by any members of the family after her clothing had caught fire. The store was filled with customers at the time. Mrs. Kindlers was waiting upon them, her husband being away. The little stuffy storeroom was but dimly lighted. The flickering rays of one oil lamp produced all the light by which Mrs. Kindlers made her sales.

The Customers Panicked. When the hall door was pushed open by Margaret and she stood there in the center of a column of fire that filled the narrow hallway Mrs. Kindlers' customers fled into the street horror-stricken and she herself was transfixed to the floor. The weird sight looked more like a manifestation of the supernatural than a human being meeting her fate. Mrs. Kindlers did not realize what she saw until Margaret ran across the store and back through the bedroom into the kitchen, screaming as she ran, "Mrs. Kindlers, save me. Fire! Fire!" Mrs. Kindlers followed her back to the kitchen, and as she ran after her she snatched a blanket from one of the beds.

A BABE IN DIRE PERIL.

Saved by Her Mother—The Doomed Girl's Terrible Race.

Margaret was driven to desperation by this time, and increasing torment drove her to race along the hallway again, into the store and out through the door left ajar by those who had fled in dismay at her appearance. Mrs. Kindler's attempt to catch the burning woman was brought to an abrupt end by a sight that met her gaze in the kitchen. On the floor was seated her baby. Surrounding him on all sides were burning fragments of Miss Osterkamp's clothing that had dropped off as she rushed past him and had dropped off in her frantic efforts to extinguish the fire. The baby's clothing had already caught fire when its mother made her appearance. Clinging him to her bosom she saved him from death.

Vain Efforts to Save Her.

The four corners made by the intersection of Milwaukee and West Chicago avenues were crowded at the time that Margaret ran into the street. After the first instant of surprise had passed a general alarm of fire was raised. This cry reached the officers in the police station and the firemen of truck No. 19, a few doors west on West Chicago avenue. By this time a number of men had tried to catch the woman. Officers and firemen with hand chemicals joined in the attempt. Women fainted at the sight and strong men turned their faces away. She first ran north, then back again almost to Chicago avenue, where she again turned and continued her flight until in front of her place of employment.

Like a Hunted and Wounded Deer. Here she circled round and round like a deer fatally wounded by a hunter, and then sank to the ground limp, the burnt flesh literally falling off in places. She had been incinerated alive. She was burnt on every inch of her body from her head to her feet. The few tatters of her clothes that still hung to her body crumbled away as she was being picked up and her shoes fell from her feet as she was being carried into the house. Dr. C. Bertschnigg did all he could to allay her terrible agonies, but saw that she could not possibly live and advised that she be taken to the county hospital, where she died.

Mr. Wainfleet, a parson at Molesworth, Me., is the poorest paid preacher in the country. He strives to prolong life on the slender salary of three dollars a week.

INGERSOLL'S NEW LECTURE.

He Talks This Time of "Progress" and Its Tolerant of Cannibalism.

New York, Jan. 3.—"Bob" Ingersoll has written a new lecture which he calls "Progress." He delivered it at the Broadway theatre Sunday night. In it he said: "In the beginning our ancestors dwelt in dens and caves, gnawing bones and digging the roots of herbs for food. People nowadays hold up their hands in horror at the idea of man eating his fellows, as happened in the past, but in my opinion he fared very well. What better subjects for food could he have found? If he must live on his fellow-man, that's the best way of doing it."

Some Political Changes He Wants. He advocated restricting the right of the franchise to the owners of homes and passing laws for encouraging the establishment of homes which, he said, were the nation's greatest need. He wanted laws passed also that would prevent us becoming a race of landlords and tenants; that would compel landlords to sell all the land they had and didn't need. He referred to the Briggs and McGlynn cases as showing that the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches were progressing and expected that soon the latter body would receive him into its fold.

BLAINE IS NOT SO WELL.

He Has Good and Bad Days, but Has Not Had a Relapse.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—"Mr. Blaine is not as well as he was yesterday," said Dr. Johnston last evening. "Mr. Blaine is about the same." This was what the attendant at Mr. Blaine's residence said. "Mr. Blaine," Dr. Johnston said, "has not, however, suffered a relapse, such as that which occurred fifteen days ago. Mr. Blaine is simply not as well as he was Sunday. Yesterday he was feeling very good. Mr. Blaine has his good and his bad days, like most other invalids. There is nothing in his present condition to excite alarm and I do not expect to see him again to-night." There was a rumor on the street last evening that Mr. Blaine had suffered a relapse, but later intelligence had a reassuring effect and it is not thought that anything serious threatens him.

SOME PROCEEDINGS IN OHIO,

Which Are Respectfully Referred to the Declaration of Independence.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 3.—There was great excitement at West Liberty yesterday over the discovery that a whitecap notice ordering all negroes to leave the town had been posted in prominent places during the night. A mob attempted to lynch Grant Jackson, a mulatto who eloped with Bessie Hinkle, a pretty white waitress at the Grand Union hotel here, but he escaped to the woods. A terrible outbreak is feared. Jackson was tarred and feathered last week by the citizens of West Liberty, but he returned in spite of warnings, with the above result.

Said to Have Killed Miss Ayers.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 3.—The authorities here have just received news of a sensational character implicating George Jeffries, a Southern Pacific railway engineer, in the murder of Miss Ayres at Brighton. The detectives learned that Jeffries, who has a wife and two children in Oakland, was married to Miss Ayers on July 8 last under an assumed name. She thought he was unmarried, and it is reported that her discovery of his perfidy and her threat to expose him led to her murder. Jeffries has been arrested.

Dressed in the Warden's Good Clothes.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 3.—While the officers and prisoners of the Ohio penitentiary were witnessing a minstrel performance by convict amateurs Sunday Charles Meyers, a Cincinnati pickpocket serving four years, and Thomas Wing, a burglar from the same place, escaped through the roof, and descending through the warden's apartments donned each a suit of the warden's clothes and walked out past the front guard, who took them to be visitors. They were captured after a lively chase of ten miles.

And the Groom Is Still Missing.

KEOSAUQUA, Ia., Jan. 3.—Quite a social sensation has been stirred up at Mt. Zion by Arthur Coleman's disappearance at a most inopportune time. He had successfully wooed the charming daughter of the postmaster, Miss Myrtle Ager, and a sumptuous wedding was prepared for Wednesday night. Everything was in waiting, but the groom failed to put in an appearance. The guests waited till the midnight train, but the groom was still missing and has not yet been heard from.

Had \$800,000 Gold in Salted Down.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—When the property left by the late Wilson G. Hunt was overhauled by his executors they found \$800,000 in gold coin. The purpose of the old millionaire in keeping such a large amount of money lying idle will probably never be definitely known, but is generally conceded to have been because he knew gold was safe to be worth its "face," while he was afraid of silver and paper under the manipulation of a congressional majority.

Lied on the Worthy Couple.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—It is stated at the interior department that there was no truth in the published statement that Dr. Eastman, the agency physician at Pine Ridge, and his wife had been dismissed by Captain Brown, the agent.

The Reward Should Fetch 'Em.

VIROQUA, Wis., Jan. 3.—A reward of \$200 was offered yesterday for the capture of the robbers who held up County Treasurer Johnson Saturday night. No clue as to their identity has been secured, neither has any trace of their movements.

Death Cheats the Sheriff.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich., Jan. 3.—Nature has cheated both justice and Judge Lynch in the case of Andrew Blank, the Covert wife murderer. While the people were talking of stringing him up to a lamp post and the authorities were arranging evidence death seized him.

THAT MAN TASCOTT.

An Alaska Miner Sure He Has Located Him.

CHICAGO POLICE SURE HE HASN'T.

Story That the Real Murderer of Millionaire Snell is a Person of Wealth Who Pays the Suspect for Assuming the Barden—Not Credited by Windy City Sleuths—Evidence They Have—Theory That the Alleged Murderer Has Been Killed by Accomplices.

SPokane, Wash., Jan. 3.—The whereabouts of Tascott, the alleged murderer of Banker Snell, of Chicago, whom the detectives have unsuccessfully sought for years has undoubtedly been located in Alaska. Jules Beauvais, the well-known and reliable mining man and owner of several rich mines in Sloane county, is stopping in this city for a few days, having recently returned from Alaska, where he is interested in several mining properties. To a reporter he said he spent all last summer in Alaska. On various occasions in Sitka, Juneau and other places he saw and conversed with William B. Tascott, accused of the murder of Snell. "I knew him personally while living in Chicago," said Beauvais, "and when I first met him in Sitka he recognized me and I did him. I had a talk with him on various subjects."

A Subject He Doesn't Like.

"When I mentioned his connection with the murder of Snell he appeared to dislike to talk, and while he answered questions on the subject without hesitation, he would quickly change the conversation into other channels." Beauvais related further that Tascott had been in Alaska nearly all the time since the murder, and makes no pretence of concealing his identity. He has made a little money at times prospecting and dabbling in mining property, but during the past summer was hard up and drinking heavily. Beauvais gave him money on several occasions. Tascott said that the mystery of the murder would soon be cleared up and then he would have plenty of money.

Sensational Part of the Story.

Tascott and his connection with the murder is well known to many miners in Alaska, and in conversation at various times with different men he has always intimated that the murder was perpetrated by a person of wealth and influence, and the general inference is that Tascott was heavily bribed to take upon his own shoulders the odium of another's crime. Beauvais, when asked if it was possible that he was mistaken in Tascott's identity, said: "It is impossible for me to be mistaken in the man, for I know him quite well." Beauvais is a well-known and responsible mining man in this city and all vouch for his reliability and truthfulness.

CHICAGO POLICE INCREDULOUS.

The Evidence They Have of the Guilt of Tascott Himself.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—The police do not believe the story telegraphed from the northwest that William Tascott, the supposed murderer of Millionaire Snell, is in Alaska, or the story originating here that well-known Chicagoans and not Tascott were the murderers. The pursuit of young Tascott has never been abandoned, and Inspector Ross, who has had charge of the case, yesterday made public some of the evidence in his possession on which he bases his belief that Tascott is the murderer. In the office of custodian of police property are a small russet leather hand-bag, a plain gold ring with a ruby setting and a pile of shirts and other clothing marked "W. B. T." Jennie Was Not to Be Hired.

The goods were recovered in a St. Paul pawn shop a few months after the murder was committed and the police believe themselves to have been a few days behind the hunted men at that time. The story related by Inspector Ross described an offer by the police department to place Jennie Clifford, a woman with whom Tascott had been intimately connected, on the secret service pay-roll in order that she might follow the then newly-developed clew. The offer was refused. According to the story told yesterday Tascott spent the early part of the night before the Snell murder in the Clifford woman's house. He brought with him the hand-bag now in the custodian's office containing a pearl-handled revolver and a number of drills. Frightened Her into Silence.

During the night the Clifford woman examined the sachel, and being detected at the work by Tascott was frightened into silence concerning its contents. Shortly after midnight, the story goes, Tascott left the Clifford woman, taking with him the small valise. Its contents were found next morning in the Snell house on Washington boulevard. They were identified by Tascott's mistress. Some weeks later the police had traced Tascott to St. Paul and found that he had disposed of the sachel, some of his clothes and a few books at a pawnshop. They were fully identified by the Clifford woman and friends of the missing man.

Theory of Tascott's Fate.

A theory that has been vouchered for on good authority by friends of the missing man is that he was killed by emissaries of those interested in Snell's death. They admit that the route mapped out by the police department as that taken by Tascott is correct. They think, however, that the fugitive never reached Winnipeg, although that was his probable destination. They maintain that he was overtaken and killed in the northwestern part of Minnesota. His body, they claim, is concealed somewhere in the unsettled parts of the state, and they blame his accomplices in Chicago for his inexplicable disappearance.

"Bud" Kipling Is a Daddy.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—A daughter was born last Thursday to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, the wife of the well-known writer, who is spending the winter at Brattleboro, Vt. Mrs. Kipling was Miss Carolyn Balestier, sister of C. Wolcott Balestier, the writer and collaborator with Mr. Kipling.

Death of an Eminent Instructor.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—Professor Norton Horsford, the eminent Harvard instructor in chemistry, the benefactor of Wellesley college and archaeologist, died Sunday in Cambridge, Mass. Professor Horsford was born in Moscow, Livingston county, N. Y., July 27, 1818.

The Great Inaugural Ball.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The place of holding the inaugural ball next March, about which there has been some discussion in the past two weeks, has been settled. Secretary Noble has given the inauguration committee permission to use the pension bureau for the event.

The Appreciation

Shown our great mark down sale on cloaks, jackets and new markets last week, has induced us to throw out 100 MORE (one-hundred) Misses' and Children's garments on our half price counter. These remember are to be sold at just ONE HALF the price we have been selling them all season.

ANOTHER LOT

Of about 50 (fifty) 50 ladies garments of various kinds. Not all the latest styles, some from last year, some from the season before, but all good warm garments and all at the unheard of low price of \$1 apiece, while they last, take your pick \$1. One lot 65 ladies' newmarkets (carried over) \$2 apiece, heavy, warm and substantial. You should secure some of these extra values, as none of them can be duplicated when the present lots are closed. Sale begins promptly on Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock.

One lot gray fancy stripe jackets, very latest style, down to \$3.37.

One lot brown mixed, Pleat back, new warm, heavy melton jackets, have been selling at \$9.50, bought too many, and will close what we have left at \$5.67 a piece.

You will not see such values offered again this year or next.

A big miscellaneous lot of black reefer jackets with fur collars, fur edged or fur faced. Were \$5, were \$6, some were \$6.50, some \$7, and \$7.50. All, all, marked down to one price \$3.62. The best of these will be likely to go fast.

We find we now have some 900 garments on hand. Many more than we expected would be left on January 1, and in order to make quick sales and get sharp returns we have carved and cut prices nearly all along the line. Russian blouses, worth \$9 we close at \$5.62. Those worth \$7.50 go at \$3.62. Lots of jackets marked down from \$10 to \$7.50 and from \$14 to \$9.

One lot plain black reefer jackets are all good, and every one would sell at the price we are now asking for them, but for special purposes and to strengthen this advertisement we will sell the lot (only one to each customer) at \$2.25. Make early selections. High priced garments all shaded down, some a quarter off, others one third off, and still others at one half price.

BED BLANKETS.

It was our good fortune the other day to buy some 250 pairs bed blankets with a discount of 30 per cent below early prices. Our good fortune is yours, for this saving all goes to our customers. Nearly the entire lot are grey and colored blankets and the most desirable lot of merchandise we have had this season. Another exceptional opportunity was on 13 bales of Bed Comforts, which we are in position to sell just 17 per cent below early prices. This is something that should interest all intending buyers, as it shows just so much clear cash in your pockets.

SOMETHING NEW.—A large lot of all wool scarlet twill flannels by the pound.

Lot One—Heavy twill, pure cochineal scarlet dye, in lengths two to five yds., at 40 an ounce or 61c a pound.

Lot Two—Fine and heavy pure sea lot twill, excellent quality, firm and strong, 50 per ounce or 80c a pound.

McCABE BROS.

1720, 1722 and 1724 Second Avenue.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE IN MICHIGAN,

A Tramp Murderously Assaults a Farmer and His Wife.

FENTON, Mich., Jan. 3.—An atrocious crime was committed early Sunday evening at the house of Layton Leech, a farmer living one mile east of Durand. About two weeks ago Leech employed a tramp named McGuire to do chores. Sunday McGuire, on the pretext of securing rabbits, prevailed upon Leech to accompany him to the woods. After going a short distance McGuire struck Leech on the back of the head with an axe, felling him to the ground. After striking Leech several more blows McGuire dragged his victim to the barn and returned to the house.

All Done for Forty Dollars.

He there secured a gun and shot Mrs. Leech through the back portion of the neck. After assaulting her the fiend departed, leaving the woman in an unconscious condition. Mrs. Leech did not regain consciousness until Monday morning, when she aroused the neighborhood. Great excitement prevails and if caught McGuire will probably be lynched. Mr. Leech is still unconscious and there is little hope of his recovery. Robbery was the incentive of the crime, but McGuire secured only \$40.

CONVICTS WERE NOT POISONED.

Their Deaths the Result of a Cholera Epidemic.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 3.—Dr. J. J. Robertson, penitentiary physician, returned yesterday from St. Louis bringing the report of Dr. Curtman, who has been holding tests for three days of the viscera taken from the bodies of two dead convicts. Dr. Curtman held eight tests, each one resulting the same, showing the absence of arsenic. This settles the poisoning theory, and now every one believes the disease among the convicts is a type of cholera. Dr. Putnam Dickinson believes that the disease is not contagious or infectious, but was caused by drinking contaminated water or some similar entrance of organic poisons.

Bought Up 300 Miles of River.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 3.—The Chesapeake and Ohio railroad has made a bold and winning stroke. Quietly for months it has been securing all the important ferries on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers from Charleston to Cincinnati. In addition it is given out on excellent authority that they have secured control of every steamboat line navigating the two rivers except the White Collar line, and they are negotiating for that.

What Morgan Thinks of Vest.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—As the dispatches have given what Senator Vest thinks of Indian Commissioner Morgan, it is only fair that they should give what Morgan thinks of Vest. Morgan's comment on Vest's letter in which the former is called a "narrow-minded bigot" was: "I have no respect for Senator Vest personally, and I have no respect for his opinion on any topic."

Frightful Accident to a Boy.

VANDALIA, Ill., Jan. 3.—Frank H. Brown, residing four miles west of here, was loading straw into a wagon when his 14-year-old son approached him unobserved just as his father raised the pitchfork and was struck with full force, a time of the fork entering the boy's left eye, tearing it from its socket.

The Long and Short of It.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 3.—Walter H. Martin, a manufacturer of wire ornaments, 6 feet and 1 inch tall, 50 years old, gray haired and very wealthy, married here Sunday at the residence of the bride's parents Tina May Smith, 14 years old and small for her age. The Smiths are well-to-do people.

Cleveland Nails a Romance.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Referring to the report that he was a member of a syndicate that was buying St. Louis railways, Cleveland said yesterday: "It is a lie made up of the whole cloth. I have not invested any money in the manner stated, and I do not intend to go into railway speculation. My time will be too much occupied in the near future to allow me to enter into speculation even if I desired to, which I do not."

IF

You wish a piece of Diamond Jewelry,
You wish a Watch,
You wish a Clock,
You wish a Fine Pin,
You wish a pair of Ear Rings,
You wish something in Solid Silver,
You wish a pair of Opera Glasses,
You wish a pair of Gold Spectacles,
You wish anything in our line

You can surely find it at



Cor. Third and Brady Sts., Davenport, Iowa.

BEDROOM SUITS, -Bedroom Suits-

AT Nevbe heard of prices,

At G. O. HUCKSTAEDT'S,
1809 and 1811 Second Avenue.

CLOAKS and MILLINERY At HALF PRICE

—AT—



14 W. Second Street. DAVENPORT, IOWA.